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POEMS OF  
\* LOVE \*  
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



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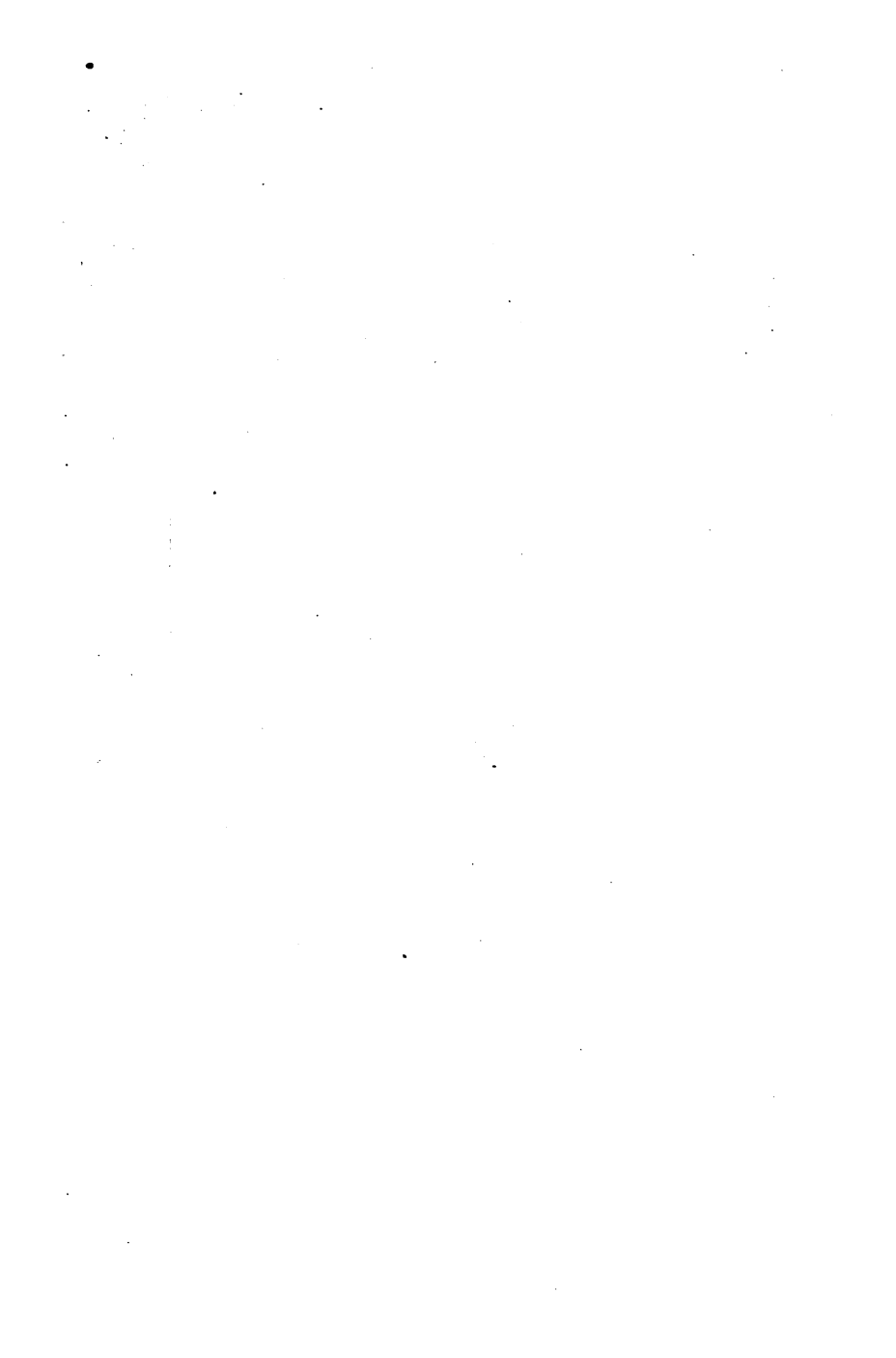
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# POEMS *of* LOVE

BY  
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

AUTHOR OF  
POEMS OF PLEASURE, POEMS OF PASSION  
POEMS OF REFLECTION  
OUT OF THE DEPTHS



CHICAGO  
M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY  
407-429 Dearborn Street



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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
"Sweet Danger" .....	9
A Fatal Impress .....	11
Love .....	13
I Will Be True .....	14
The Farewell .....	15
The Kingdom of Love.....	16
Love Will Wane.....	18
Three-Fold .....	20
A Maiden's Secret .....	22
Lines from "Maurine" .....	24
Art and Love.....	26
One Woman's History.....	27
Why the Spring is Late .....	28
River and Sea.....	30
Love .....	32
In the Garden .....	34
When You Go Away.....	36
Lines on H—'s Foot.....	38
A Baby in the House .....	41
Resigned .....	43
In Faith .....	46
I Told You .....	49
Lost .....	51
Only a Sad Mistake.....	54
Song of the Wheelman .....	56

	PAGE.
"The Old Moon in the New Moon's Arms" . . . .	58
The Soul's Farewell to the Body . . . . .	59
Long Ago . . . . .	61
Take my Hand . . . . .	63
The Wild Blue-Bells . . . . .	64
A Waif . . . . .	68
A Face at the Window . . . . .	70
Searching . . . . .	73
Our Blessings . . . . .	75
Going Away . . . . .	77
Be Not Weary . . . . .	79
Growing Old . . . . .	81
The Summons . . . . .	83
Conversion . . . . .	85
One Woman's Plea . . . . .	86
If . . . . .	89
A Plea for Fame . . . . .	92
A Mother's Wail . . . . .	94
"The Same Old Strain" . . . . .	97
Limitless . . . . .	99
Denied . . . . .	100
Warned . . . . .	102
Rich and Poor . . . . .	104
Over the Alley . . . . .	107
At the Window . . . . .	110
Only a Kiss . . . . .	113
My Ship . . . . .	117
Finis . . . . .	119
Lines . . . . .	120
Over the Water . . . . .	123
Flowers for the Brave . . . . .	125

## *CONTENTS.*

7

	<b>PAGE.</b>
The People's Favorite.....	129
An Army Reunion .....	131
The Camp Fire .....	139
Independence Ode .....	143



## **"SWEET DANGER."**

The danger of war, with its havoc of life,  
The danger of ocean, when storms are rife,  
The danger of jungles, where wild beasts hide,  
The danger that lies in the mountain slide,—  
Why, what are they but all mere child's play,  
Or the idle sport of a summer day,  
Beside those battles that stir and vex  
The world forever, of sex with sex?

The warrior returns from the captured fort,  
The mariner sails to a peaceful port;  
The wild beast quails 'neath the strong man's eye,  
The avalanche passes the traveler by—  
But who can rescue from passion's pyre  
The hearts that were offered to feed its fire?  
Ah! he who emerges from that fierce flame  
Is scarred with sorrow or blackened with shame.

Battle and billow, and beast of prey,  
They only threaten the mortal clay;  
The soul unfettered can take to wing,  
But the danger of love is another thing.

Once under the tyrant Passion's control,  
He crushes body, and heart, and soul.  
An hour of rapture, an age of despair,  
Ah! these are the trophies of love's warfare.

And yet forever, since time began,  
Has man dared woman and woman lured man  
To that sweet danger that lurks and lies  
In the bloodless battle of eyes with eyes;  
That reckless danger, as vast as sweet,  
Whose bitter ending is joy's defeat.  
Ah! thus forever, while time shall last,  
On passion's altar must hearts be cast!

**A FATAL IMPRESS.**

A little leaf just in the forest's edge,  
All summer long, had listened to the wooing  
Of amorous birds that flew across the hedge,  
Singing their blithe sweet songs for her undoing.  
So many were the flattering things they told her,  
The parent tree seemed quite too small to hold her.

At last one lonesome day she saw them fly  
Across the fields behind the coquette summer,  
They passed her with a laughing light good-by,  
When from the north, there strode a strange new  
    comer;  
Bold was his mien, as he gazed on her, crying,  
"How comes it, then, that thou art left here  
    sighing!

"Now by my faith thou art a lovely leaf—  
May I not kiss that cheek so fair and tender?"  
Her slighted heart welled full of bitter grief,  
The rudeness of his words did not offend her.  
She felt so sad, so desolate, so deserted,  
Oh, if her lonely fate might be averted.



"One little kiss," he sighed, "I ask no more—"  
His face was cold, his lips too pale for passion.  
She smiled assent; and then bold Frost leaned  
    lower,  
And clasped her close, and kissed in lover's fashion.  
Her smooth cheek flushed to sudden guilty  
    splendor,  
'Another kiss, and then complete surrender.

Just for a day she was a beauteous sight,  
The world looked on to pity and admire  
This modest little leaf, that in a night  
Had seemed to set the forest all on fire.  
And then—this victim of a broken trust,  
A withered thing, was trodden in the dust.

**LOVE.**

The day is drawing near, my dear,  
When you and I must sever;  
Yet whether near or far we are,  
Our hearts will love forever,  
Our hearts will love forever.

O sweet, I will be true, and you  
Must never fail or falter;  
I hold a love like mine divine,  
And yours—it must not alter,  
O, swear it will not alter.

## I WILL BE TRUE.

I will be true. Mad stars forsake their courses,  
And, led by reckless meteors, turn away  
From paths appointed by Eternal Forces.  
But my fixed heart shall never go astray.  
Like those calm worlds, whose sun-directed motion  
Is undisturbed by strife of wind or sea,  
So shall my swerveless and serene devotion  
Sweep on forever, loyal unto thee.

I will be true. Light barks may be belated,  
Or turned aside by every breeze at play;  
While sturdy ships, well manned, and richly  
    freighted,  
With broad sails flying, anchor safe in bay.  
Like some firm rock, that, steadfast and unshaken,  
Stands all unmoved, while ebbing billows flee,  
So would my heart stand, faithful if forsaken.  
I will be true, though thou art false to me.

**THE FAREWELL.**

'Tis not the untried soldier new to danger  
Who fears to enter into active strife.  
Amidst the roll of drums, the cannon's rattle,  
He craves adventure, and thinks not of life.

But the scarred veteran knows the price of glory,  
He does not court the conflict or the fray.  
He has no longing to rehearse that gory  
And most dramatic act, of war's dark play.

He who to love has always been a stranger,  
All unafraid may linger in your spell.  
My heart has known the warfare, and its danger.  
It craves no repetition—so farewell.

## THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

In the dawn of the day, when the sea and the  
earth

Reflected the sunrise above,  
I set forth, with a heart full of courage and mirth,  
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.

I asked of a Poet I met on the way,  
Which cross-road would lead me aright.  
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long you will  
see

Its glistening turrets of Light."

And soon in the distance a city shone fair;  
"Look yonder," he said, "there it gleams!"  
But alas! for the hopes that were doomed to de-  
spair,

It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.  
Then the next man I asked was a gay cavalier,  
And he said: "Follow me, follow me,"  
And with laughter and song we went speeding  
along

By the shores of life's beautiful sea.

Till we came to a valley more tropical far,  
Than the wonderful Vale of Cashmere.

And I saw from a bower a face like a flower,  
Smile out on the gay cavalier.  
And he said: "We have come to humanity's  
goal—  
Here love and delight are intense."  
But alas! and alas! for the hope of my soul—  
It was only the kingdom of Sense—

As I journeyed more slowly, I met on the road  
A coach with retainers behind,  
And they said: "Follow us, for our lady's abode  
Belongs in the realm you would find."  
'Twas a grand dame of fashion, a newly-wed  
bride;  
I followed, encouraged and bold.  
But my hope died away, like the last gleams of day,  
For we came to the Kingdom of Gold.

At the door of a cottage I asked a fair maid.  
"I have heard of that Realm," she replied,  
"But my feet never roam from the Kingdom of  
Home,  
So I know not the way," and she sighed.  
I looked on the cottage, how restful it seemed!  
And the maid was as fair as a dove.  
Great light glorified my soul as I cried,  
"Why, *home* is the Kingdom of Love!"

## LOVE WILL WANE.

When your love begins to wane,  
Spare me from the cruel pain  
Of all speech that tells me so—  
Spare me words, for I shall know,

By the half-averted eyes,  
By the breast that no more sighs,  
By the rapture I shall miss  
From your strangely-altered kiss;

By the arms that still enfold  
But have lost their clinging hold,  
And, too willing, let me go,  
I shall know, love, I shall know.

Bitter will the knowledge be,  
Bitterer than death to me.  
Yet, 'twill come to me some day,  
For it is the sad world's way.

Make no vows—vows cannot bind  
Changing hearts or wayward mind.  
Men grow weary of a bliss  
Passionate and fond as this.

Love will wane. But I shall know,  
If you do not tell me so.  
Know it, tho' you smile and say  
That you love me more each day.

Know it by the inner sight  
That forever sees aright.  
Words could but increase my woe,  
And without them, I shall know.



## THREE-FOLD.

Somewhere I've read a thoughtful mind's reflection:

“All perfect things are three-fold”; and I know  
Our love has this rare symbol of perfection;

The brain's response, the warm blood's rapturous glow,

The soul's sweet language, silent and unspoken.

All these unite us with a deathless tie.

For when our frail, clay tenement is broken,

Our spirits will be lovers still, on high.

My dearest wish, you speak before I word it.

You understand the workings of my heart.

My soul's thought, breathed where only God has  
heard it,

You fathom with your strange divining art.

And like a fire, that cheers, and lights, and blesses,

And floods a mansion full of happy heat,

So does the subtle warmth of your caresses,

Pervade me with rapture, keen as sweet.

And so sometimes, as you and I together

Exult in all dear love's three-fold delights,

I cannot help but vaguely wonder whether  
When our freed souls attain their spirit heights,  
E'en if we reach that upper realm where God is,  
And find the tales of heavenly glory true,  
I wonder if we shall not miss our bodies,  
And long, at times, for hours on earth we knew.

As now, we sometimes pray to leave our prison  
And soar beyond all physical demands,  
So may we not sigh, when we have arisen,  
For just one old-time touch of lips and hands?  
I know, dear heart, a thought like this seems daring  
Concerning God's vast Government above,  
Yet, even *There*, I shrink from wholly sparing  
One element, from this, our Three-fold Love.

## A MAIDEN'S SECRET.

I have written this day down in my heart  
As the sweetest day in the season;  
From all of the others I've set it apart—  
But I will not tell you the reason.  
That is my secret—I must not tell;  
But the skies are soft and tender,  
And never before, I know full well,  
Was the earth so full of splendor.

I sing at my labor the whole day long,  
And my heart is as light as a feather;  
And there is a reason for my glad song  
Besides the beautiful weather.  
But I will not tell it to you; and though  
That thrush in the maple heard it,  
And would shout it aloud if he could, I know  
He hasn't the power to word it.

Up, where I was sewing, this morn came one  
Who told me the sweetest stories,  
He said I had stolen my hair from the sun,  
And my eyes from the morning glories.

Grandmother says that I must not believe  
A word men say, for they flatter;  
But I'm sure *he* would never try to deceive  
For he told me—but there—no matter!

Last night I was sad, and the world to me  
Seemed a lonely and dreary dwelling,  
But some one then had not asked me to be—  
There now! I am almost telling.  
Not another word shall my two lips say,  
I will shut them fast together,  
And never a mortal shall know to-day  
Why my heart is as light as a feather.

## LINES FROM "MAURINE."

It was a way of Helen's not to sing  
The songs that other people sang; she took  
Sometimes an extract from an olden book—  
Again some floating, fragmentary thing,  
And these she fitted to old melodies,  
Or else composed the music. One of these  
She sang that night; and Vivian caught the strain.  
And joined her in the chorus or refrain:

O thou, mine other stronger part,  
Whom yet I cannot hear or see,  
Come thou and take this loving heart,  
That longs to yield its all to thee.  
I call mine own, O come to me—  
Love, answer back, "I come to thee,  
I come to thee!"

This hungry heart, so warm, so large  
Is far too great a care for me.  
I have grown weary of the charge  
I keep so sacredly for thee.  
Come, then, and take my heart from me—  
Love, answer back, "I come to thee,  
I come to thee."

I am a'weary waiting here  
For one who tarries long from me.  
O, art thou far, or art thou near,  
And must I still be sad for thee?  
Love, answer, "I am near to thee,  
I am come to thee!"

## ART AND LOVE.

For many long uninterrupted years  
She was the friend and confidant of Art;  
They walked together, heart communed with heart  
In that sweet comradeship that so endears.  
Her fondest hopes, her sorrows and her fears  
She told her mate; who would in turn impart  
Important truths and secrets. But a dart,  
Shot by that unskilled, mischievous boy, who peers  
From ambush on us, struck one day her breast,  
And Love sprang forth to kiss away her tears.  
She thought his brow shone with a wondrous  
    grace;  
But, when she turned to introduce her guest  
To Art, behold, she found an empty place,  
The goddess fled, with sad, averted face.

**ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.**

“The maiden free, the maiden wed.  
Can never, never be the same,  
A new life springs from out the dead  
And with the speaking of a name—  
A breath upon the marriage bed,  
She finds herself a something new.

“Where lay the shallows of the maid  
No plummet line the wife can sound;  
Where round the sunny islands played  
The pulses of the great profound  
Lies low the treacherous everglade.

“A wife is like an unknown sea,  
Least known to him who thinks he knows  
Where all the shores of Promise be,  
And where the islands of Repose—  
And where the rocks that he must flee.”



## WHY THE SPRING IS LATE.

To Miss Eva Russell.

The spring time is deaf to our pleading,  
The meadows are brown as can be.  
The hilltops are bleak and unlovely,  
No thrush sits and sings on the tree.  
I hear many practical people  
Explain why the spring loiters so,  
But, dear one, they all are mistaken:  
The true reason I alone know.

The South-wind, Spring's hand-maiden, told me  
Her mistress declared, o'er and o'er,  
That, till you were here to give greeting,  
She'd visit our prairies no more.  
And all her vast household stand by her!  
The thrush says he cannot come here  
And sing the old songs that you loved so,  
Unless you are lingering near.

The wild pinks that rival your blushes,  
The violets blue as the sky,  
Declare it no pleasure to blossom

Unseen by your beautiful eye.  
Oh darling! I'm loath to upbraid you,  
So come without further delay.  
Each moment you linger, remember  
You are keeping the spring time away.  
Then come! we are waiting to welcome  
The birds and the flowers, 'tis true;  
But warmer than all is the welcome,  
Fair girl, that is waiting for you.

## RIVER AND SEA.

Under the light of the silver moon,  
We two sat, when our hearts were young;  
The night was warm with the breath of June,  
And loud from the meadow the cricket sung,  
And darker and deeper, oh love, than the sea,  
Were your dear eyes, as they beamed on me.

The moon hung clear, and the night was still;  
The waters reflected the glittering skies;  
The nightingale sang on the distant hill;  
But sweeter than all was the light in your eyes—  
Your dear, dark eyes, your eyes like the sea—  
And up from the depths shone love for me.

My heart, like a river, was mad and wild—  
And a river is not deep, like the sea;  
But I said your love was the love of a child,  
Compared with the love that was felt by me;  
A river leaps noisily, kissing the land,  
But the sea is fathomless, deep and grand.

I vowed to love you, for ever and ever;  
I called you cold, on that night in June,  
But my fierce love, like a reckless river,  
Dashed on, and away, and was spent too soon;  
While yours—ah, yours was deep like the sea;  
I cheated you, love, but you died for me!

## LOVE.

In all earth's music, grand, or sweet, or strong,  
To hear one name, as if 'twere set in song.

In all my poems, written 'neath the sun,  
To find the praises, o'er and o'er, in one.

To feel thyself a lesser part of what  
Hadst thou not found, the earth would be as  
naught.

To think all beauty, perfectness and grace,  
As but the shadow of one worshiped face.

With that face's coming, to bask in warmth and  
light  
And with its going to grope, as in the night.

To rather feel a dear hand's stinging blow  
Than any caress another might bestow.

To rather sit in gloom, and hear one voice  
Than, missing that, on mountain tops rejoice.

To lose all individual hope and aim,  
And have no wish, but for another's fame.

To count grief naught, though great, if one is glad.  
To feel no joy if that dear one is sad.

Do thy heart strings, responsive, answer this?  
Then thou hast known true love in all its bliss.

## IN THE GARDEN.

One moment alone in the garden,  
Under the August skies;  
The moon had gone but the stars shone on,—  
Shone like your beautiful eyes.  
Away from the glitter and gaslight,  
Alone in the garden there,  
While the mirth of the throng, in laugh and song,  
Floated out on the air.

You looked down through the starlight,  
And I looked up at you;  
And a feeling came that I could not name,—  
Something strange and new.  
Friends of a few weeks only,—  
Why should it give me pain  
To know you would go on the morrow,  
And would not come again?

Formal friends of a season,  
What matter that we must part?  
But under the skies, with a swift surprise,  
Each read the other's heart.

We did not speak, but your breath on my cheek  
Was like a breeze of the south;  
And your dark hair brushed my forehead  
And your kiss fell on my mouth.

Some one was searching for me,—  
Some one to say good-night;  
And we went in from the garden,  
Out of the sweet starlight,  
Back to the glitter and music,  
And we said "Good-bye" in the hall,  
When a dozen heard and echoed the word,  
And then—well, that was all.

The river that rolls between us  
Can never be crossed, I know,  
For the waters are deep and the shores are steep,  
And a maelstrom whirls below;  
But I think we shall always remember,  
Though we both may strive to forget,  
How you looked in my eyes, 'neath the August  
skies,  
After the moon had set;—

How you kissed my lips in the garden,  
And we stood in a trance of bliss,  
And our hearts seemed speaking together  
In that one thrilling kiss.



## WHEN YOU GO AWAY.

When you go away, my friend,  
When you say your last good-bye,  
Then the summer time will end,  
And the winter will be nigh.

Though the green grass decks the heather,  
And the birds sing all the day,  
There will be no summer weather  
After you have gone away.

When I look into your eyes,  
I shall thrill with sharpest pain,  
Thinking that beneath the skies  
I may never look again.

You will feel a moment's sorrow,  
I shall feel a lasting grief;  
You forgetting on the morrow,  
I to mourn with no relief.

When we say the last sad word,  
And you are no longer near,  
And the winds and all the birds  
Cannot keep the summer here,

Life will lose its full completeness—  
Lose it not for you, but me;  
All the beauty and the sweetness  
Each can hold, I shall not see.

## LINES ON H——'S FOOT.

It may be you've seen her eyes,  
Dark and deep like midnight skies;  
You mayhap have seen them flash  
Underneath the drooping lash,  
And been dazzled by the light  
Of those orbs, so dark and bright;  
But—have you seen her foot,  
In its little gaiter boot?

You have noticed, maybe, how  
The lily spreads from chin to brow.  
You have thought her cheek more fair  
Than if roses lingered there;  
(Roses would seem out of place  
On her pale patrician face)  
But—again I question you,  
Have you seen her tiny shoe?

You have thought her mouth, no doubt,  
Like a blush-rose half blown out;  
Small and sweet, withal, beside,  
Touched with scorn and curved with pride;

(Innate pride—not meant to chill)—  
You have seen it there, and still—  
Answer one more question, pray—  
Have you seen her boot? I say.

Such a tiny, tiny thing,  
Is that foot of which I sing;  
No. 3 would hide it so  
It could not be found, I know.  
No. 2 must stand aside  
All too long and large and wide,  
No. 1 *must* be the boot  
For this maiden's little foot.

You may envy, sir, the clerk  
In the shoe-store, hard at work,  
Who tries the gaiter boot  
On this cunning little foot.  
On his knee, supporting it,  
Saying, "It's a perfect fit,"  
Buttoning on the No. 1,  
Looking sorry, when it's done.

You have seen her, slight and neat,  
As she tripped along the street,  
You have *heard* the pit-pat-fall  
Of that foot so very small.

That she's fair, and pure, and good,  
Bright, and sweet is understood,  
But—have you *seen* that foot—  
In its dainty gaiter boot ?

**A BABY IN THE HOUSE.**

I knew that a baby was hid in that house,  
Though I saw no cradle and heard no cry;  
But the husband was tip-toeing 'round like a  
mouse,  
And the good wife was humming a soft lullaby;  
And there was a look on the face of the mother,  
That I knew could mean only one thing, and no  
other.

The mother, I said to myself, for I knew  
That the woman before me was certainly that;  
And there lay in the corner a tiny cloth shoe,  
And I saw on a stand such a wee little hat;  
And the beard of the husband said, plain as could  
be,  
"Two fat chubby hands have been tugging at me."

And he took from his pocket a gay picture-book,  
And a dog that would bark, if you pulled on a  
string;  
And the wife laid them up, with such a pleased  
look;

And I said to myself, "There is no other thing  
But a babe that could bring about all this, and so  
That one is in hiding here somewhere, I know."

I stayed but a moment, and saw nothing more,  
And heard not a sound, yet I know I was right;  
What else could the shoe mean that lay on the  
    floor,  
The book and the toy, and the faces so bright;  
And what made the husband as still as a mouse?  
I am sure, very sure, there's a babe in that house.

RESIGNED.

My babe was moaning in its sleep,  
 I leaned and kissed it where it lay,  
 My pain was such I could not weep,  
 Oh, would God take my child away?  
 He had so many round his throne—  
 If He took mine—I stood alone!

I took my child upon my knee;  
 It looked up with its father's eyes,  
 Who, ere the infant came to me,  
 Had journeyed homeward to the skies,  
 But through those eyes, so sad and mild,  
 I found my husband, in my child.

It was such comfort, night and day,  
 To watch its slumber,—feel its breath—  
 And slow—so slow—it pined away,  
 I heard not the approach of Death  
 Until he stood close at my side,  
 And then my soul within me died.

I clasped my babe with sudden moan,  
 I cried, "My sweet, thou shalt not go



To join the children round the Throne,  
For I have need of thee below.  
If God takes thee, I am bereft—  
No hope or joy or comfort left."

My babe looked pleading in my face,  
It seemed my husband's eyes instead,  
And his voice sounded in the place,  
"I want my child in heaven," it said.  
The infant raised its little hands,  
And seemed to reach toward heavenly lands.

The tears that had refused to flow  
Came welling upward from my heart,  
I sobbed, "My child, then thou may'st go,  
Thy angel father bids us part.  
I know in all that heavenly place  
He ne'er looked on so sweet a face.

"He journeyed on; before thou came—  
And all these months, he's longed for thee,  
How could I so forget his claim—  
And strive to keep thee at my knee.  
Go, child—my child—and give him this—  
In one the wife's and mother's kiss."

My baby smiled, and seeming slept,  
Its hand grew cold within my own.

Not wholly sad the tears I wept  
For though I was indeed alone,  
My babe I knew was safe at rest  
Upon its angel father's breast.

## IN FAITH.

When the soft sweet wind o' the south went by,  
I dwelt in the light of a dark brown eye;  
And out where the robin sang his song,  
We lived and loved, while the days were long.

In the sweet, sweet eves, when the moon swung  
    high,  
We wandered under the starry sky;  
Or sat in the porch, and the moon looked through  
The latticed wall, where the roses grew.

My lips, that had known no lover's kiss,  
You taught the art, till they thrilled in bliss;  
And the moon, and the stars, and the roses knew  
That the heart you won was pure and true.

But true hearts weary men, maybe,  
For you grew weary of love, and me.  
Over the porch the dead vines hang,  
And a mourning dove sobs where the robin sang.

In a warmer clime does another sigh  
Under the light of your dark brown eye?  
Did you follow the soft sweet wind o' the south  
And are you kissing a redder mouth?

Lips may be redder, and eyes more bright;  
The face may be fairer you see to-night;  
But never, love, while the stars shall shine;  
Will you find a heart that is truer than mine.

Sometime, perhaps, when south winds blow,  
You will think of a love you used to know;  
Sometime, perhaps, when a robin sings,  
Your heart will go back to olden things.

Sometime you will weary of this world's arts,  
Of deceit and change and hollow hearts,  
And, wearying, sigh for the "used to be,"  
And your feet will turn to the porch, and me.

I shall watch for you here when days grow long;  
I shall list for your step through the robin's song;  
I shall sit in the porch where the moon looks  
through,  
And a vacant chair will wait—for you.

You may stray, and forget, and rove afar,  
But my changeless love, like the polar star,  
Will draw you at length o'er land and sea—  
And I know you will yet come back to me.

The years may come, and the years may go,  
But sometime again, when south winds blow,  
When roses bloom, and the moon swings high,  
I shall live in the light of your dark brown eye.

**I TOLD YOU.**

I told you the winter would go, love,  
I told you the winter would go.  
That he'd flee in shame when the south wind came,  
And you smiled when I told you so.  
You said the blustering fellow  
Would never yield to a breeze,  
That his cold, icy breath had frozen to death  
The flowers, and birds, and trees.

And I told you the snow would melt, love,  
In the passionate glance o' the sun;  
And the leaves o' the trees, and the flowers and  
bees,  
Would come back again, one by one.  
That the great, gray clouds would vanish,  
And the sky turn tender and blue;  
And the sweet birds would sing, and talk of the  
spring,  
And, love, it has all come true.

I told you that sorrow would fade, love,  
And you would forget half your pain;  
That the sweet bird of song would waken ere long,  
And sing in your bosom again;

That hope would creep out of the shadows,  
And back to its nest in your heart,  
And gladness would come, and find its old home,  
And that sorrow at length would depart.

I told you that grief seldom killed, love,  
Though the heart might *seem* dead for awhile.  
But the world is so bright, and so full of warm  
light  
That 'twould waken at length, in its smile.  
Ah, love! was I not a true prophet?  
There's a sweet happy smile on your face;  
Your sadness has flown—the snow-drift is gone,  
And the buttercups bloom in its place.

**LOST.**

You left me with the autumn time;  
When winter stripped the forest bare,  
Then dressed it in his spotless rime;  
When frosts were lurking in the air  
You left me here and went away.  
The winds were cold; you could not stay.

You sought a warmer clime, until  
The south wind, artful maid, should break  
The winter's trumpets, and should fill  
The air with songs of birds; and wake  
The sleeping blossoms on the plain  
And make the brooks to flow again.

I thought the winter desolate,  
And all times felt a sense of loss.  
I taught my longing heart to wait,  
And said, "When spring shall come across  
The hills, with blossoms in her track,  
Then she, our loved one, will come back."

And now the hills with grass and moss  
The spring with cunning hands has spread,  
And yet I feel my grievous loss.

---



My heart will not be comforted,  
But crieth daily, "Where is she  
You promised should come back to me?"

Oh, love! where are you! day by day;  
I seek to find you, but in vain.  
Men point me to a grave, and say:  
"There is her bed upon the plain."  
But though I see no trace of you,  
I cannot think their words are true.

You were too sweet to wholly pass  
Away from earth, and leave no trace;  
You were too fair to let the grass  
Grow rank and tall above your face.  
Your voice, that mocked the robin's trill,  
I cannot think is hushed and still.

I thought I saw your golden hair,  
One day, and reached to touch a strand;  
I found but yellow sunbeams there—  
The bright rays fell aslant my hand  
And seemed to mock, with lights and shades,  
The silken meshes of your braids.

Again, I thought I saw your hand  
Wave, as if beckoning to me;  
I found 'twas but a lily, fanned

By the cool zephyrs from the sea.  
Oh, love! I find no trace of you—  
I wonder if their words *were* true?

One day I heard a singing voice;  
A burst of music, trill on trill.  
It made my very soul rejoice;  
My heart gave an exultant thrill.  
I cried, "Oh heart, we've found her—hush!"  
But no—'twas the silver-throated thrush.

And once I thought I saw your face,  
And wild with joy I ran to you;  
But found, when I had reached the place,  
'Twas but a blush rose, bathed in dew.  
Ah, love! I think you *must* be dead;  
And I believe the words they said.

## ONLY A SAD MISTAKE.

Only a blunder—a sad mistake;  
All my own fault and mine alone.  
The saddest error a heart can make;  
I was so young, or I would have known.

Only his rare, sweet, tender smile;  
Only a lingering touch of his hand.  
I think I was dreaming all the while,  
The reason I did not understand.

Yet, somewhere, I've read men woo this way;  
That eyes speak, sometimes, before the tongue.  
And I was sure he would speak some day;  
Pardon the folly—I was so young.

Was I, say—for now I am old!  
So old, it seems like a hundred years  
Since I felt my heart growing hard and cold  
With a pain too bitter and deep for tears.

I saw him lean over the stranger's chair,  
With a warm, new light in his beautiful eyes;

And I woke from my dreaming, then and there,  
And went out of my self-made Paradise.

He never loved me—I know, I see!  
Such sad, sad blunders as young hearts make.  
She did not win him away from me,  
For he was not mine. It was my mistake.

A woman should wait for a man to speak  
Before she dreams of his love, I own;  
But I was a girl—girls' hearts are weak;  
And the pain, like the fault, is mine alone.

•

## SONG OF THE WHEELMAN.

Over my desk in a dark office bending,  
Dim seems the sunlight and dull seems the day;  
But when the afternoon draws toward an ending,  
Here waits my steel steed—I mount, and away!  
Like cobwebs of silver I see in the distance  
The glint of bright wheels, I must follow and  
find.  
What life in the air now! what zest in existence,  
As faster and faster I race with the wind.

Down the smooth pavements, and out toward the  
heather—  
Ho! fellows, ho! I am coming you see!

Breast to breast, now let us speed on together—  
Who dares try mounting that hillside with me?  
Over the bridge I go—past the green meadows,  
Au revoir, boys, I will ride on alone!  
For in yon cottage half hid in the shadows,  
Waiting for me, is my sweetheart—my own.

She watches my wheel as it glitters and glistens  
Down the steep crest of the daisy-starred hill.

Fair is her cheek as she waits there and listens  
For the sure signal blown tenderly shrill.  
Sweetheart, my sweetheart, I'm coming, I'm coming.  
Here, sturdy steed, you may stand by the wall.

A bird to her mate has flown swift thro' the gloaming,  
Love, youth and summer, thank God for them all.

**"THE OLD MOON IN THE NEW  
MOON'S ARMS."**

The beautiful and slender young New Moon,  
In trailing robes of pink and palest blue,  
Swept close to Venus, and breathed low: "A boon  
A precious boon, I ask, dear friend, of you.

"O queen of light and beauty, you have known  
The pangs of love—its passions and alarms;  
Then grant me this one favor, let my own—  
My lost Old Moon be once more in my arms."

Swift thro' the vapors and the golden mist—  
The Full Moon's shadowy shape shone on the  
night,  
The New Moon reached out clasping arms and  
kissed  
Her phantom lover in the whole world's sight.

**THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE  
BODY.**

So we must part forever. And although  
I long have beat my wings and cried to go  
Free from your narrow limits and control,  
Forth into space, the true home of the soul;

Yet now, yet now that hour is drawing near,  
I paused reluctant, finding you so dear.  
All joys await me in the realm of God;  
Must you, my comrade, moulder in the sod?

I was your captive, yet you were my slave;  
Your prisoner, yet obedience you gave  
To all my earnest wishes and commands.  
Now to the worm I leave those willing hands

That toiled for me, or held the book I read.  
Those feet that trod where'er I bade them tread,  
Those arms that clasped my dear ones, and the  
    breast  
On which one loved and loving heart found rest.



Those lips thro' which my prayers to God have  
    risen,

Those eyes that were the windows of my prison.  
From these, all these, Death's angel bids me sever,  
Dear Comrade Body, fare you well forever.

I go to my inheritance; and go  
With joy that only the freed soul can know;  
Yet, in my spirit journeyings I trust  
I may sometimes pause near your sacred dust.

**LONG AGO.**

I loved a maiden, long ago,  
    She held within her hand my fate;  
And in the ruddy sunset glow  
    We lingered at the garden gate.

The splendor of the western skies  
    Lay in a halo on her hair.  
I gazed with worship in her eyes,  
    And deemed her true and knew her fair.

“Good night,” I said, and turned away;  
    She held me with her subtle smile.  
I saw her red lips whisper “stay,”  
    And so I lingered yet awhile.

“I love you, love you, sweet!” I said,  
    She laughed, and whispered, “I love you.”  
I kissed her small mouth, ripe and red,  
    And knew her fair, and deemed her true.

---

'Twas very, very long ago,  
And I was young, and so was she;  
My faith as love was strong, for oh!  
The maid was all the world to me.

But as the sunset died away  
And left the heavens cold and blue,  
So died my dream of love one day.  
The maid was only fair, *not* true.

**TAKE MY HAND.**

Strengthen me for every contest,  
Let my prayers be not in vain,  
I would bless Thee, in my sorrow;  
I would glory in my pain;  
Make my spirit white—for heaven;  
Let my soul be purified  
In the blood that flowed so freely,  
From the wound in Jesus' side.

Gird my soul, oh! God! for battle,  
I am weak, O! make me strong;  
Do not let my courage falter,  
Though the strife be fierce and long;  
And upon thy hand, my Father,  
Let me keep a clinging hold,  
Till my feet have landed safely,  
In the city built of gold.

## THE WILD BLUE-BELLS.

Came a bouquet from the city,  
Fragrant, rich and debonair—  
Sweet carnation and geranium,  
Heliotrope and roses rare.

Down beside the crystal river,  
Where the moss-grown rocks are high,  
And the ferns, from niche and crevice,  
Stretch to greet the azure sky;

In the chaste October sunlight,  
High above the path below,  
Grew a tuft of lovely blue-bells,  
Softly wind-swung to and fro.

Reached a dainty hand to grasp them,  
Bore them home with loving care,  
Tenderly and proudly placed them  
'Mid the flowers so sweet and fair.

But my timid little blue-bells,  
Children of the leafy wild,  
Dazzled by their city sisters,  
Turned away and, tearful, smiled.

When, alone, I bent to kiss them,  
Pleadingly they sighed to me,  
"Take us, when we die, we pray thee,  
Back beneath the dear old tree.

"We would sleep where first the sunshine  
Kissed us in the dewy morn;  
Where, while soft, warm zephyrs fanned us,  
Leaf and bud and flower were born."

So I bore them, when they faded,  
Back to where love sighed for them;  
Laid them near the ferns and mosses,  
'Neath the dear old parent stem;—

Deeply grieved that all things lovely  
Must so soon forever die,—  
That upon the gentle blue-bells  
Winter's cold, deep snows must lie.

And I half arraigned the goodness  
That made Death king everywhere—  
Stretching forth his cruel sceptre—  
Lord of sea, and earth, and air.

---

Summer came, and all the hillsides  
Wore a shim'ring robe of green;  
And with rifts of sky and cloudlet  
Flashed the river's golden sheen.

I was walking the old pathway,  
When a tiny shout I heard;  
Harken! was it elfin fairy,  
Or some truant mocking bird?

No! a family of blue-bells  
Waved their slender arms on high,  
Clapped their tiny arms in triumph,  
Crying, "See! we did not die.

"Never more distrust the Master,  
Love and Truth His ways attend;  
Death is but a darkened portal  
Of a life that ne'er shall end.

“Loved ones, parted from in anguish,  
Your glad eyes again shall see,—  
Brighter than the hopes you cherished  
Shall the glad fruition be.”



## A WAIF.

My soul is like a poor caged bird to-night,  
Beating its wings against the prison bars,  
Longing to reach the outer world of light.  
And, all untrammelled, soar among the stars.  
Wild, mighty thoughts struggle within my soul  
For utterance. Great waves of passion roll  
Through all my being. As the lightnings play  
Through thunder clouds, so beams of blinding light  
Flash for a moment on my darkened brain—  
Quick, sudden, glaring beams, that fade away  
And leave me in a darker, deeper night.

Oh, poet souls! that struggle all in vain  
To live in peace and harmony with earth,  
It cannot be! They must endure the pain  
Of conscience and of unacknowledged worth,  
Moving and dwelling with the common herd,  
Whose highest thought has never strayed as far,  
Or never strayed beyond the horizon's bar;  
Whose narrow hearts and souls are never stirred  
With keenest pleasures, or with sharpest pain;  
Who rise and eat and sleep, and rise again,  
Nor question why or wherefore. Men whose minds  
Are never shaken by wild passion winds;

Women whose broadest, deepest realm of thought  
The bridal veil will cover.

Who see not  
God's mighty work lying undone to-day,—  
Work that a woman's hands can do as well,  
Oh, soul of mine; better to live alway  
In this tumultous inward pain and strife,  
Doing the work that in thy reach doth fall,  
Weeping because thou canst not do it all;  
Oh, better, my soul, in this unrest to dwell,  
Than grovel as *they* grovel on through life.

**A FACE AT THE WINDOW.**

Once as I wandered down the street  
I saw at the window a face so sweet;  
The tiny face of a baby girl  
With a soft clear eye, and a silken curl.  
And I looked o'er my shoulder again to see,  
The sweet, sweet face that smiled on me,  
With a look in the eyes that seemed to say  
"I have come from heaven but not to stay."

Adown the street as I walked again  
I looked for the sweet, sweet face at the pane,  
But the blind was closed, and I heard it said  
As I passed along that the child was dead.  
And a lonely longing came over me  
For the face that had smiled in its baby glee  
On me for a moment, before it was hid  
Under the cruel coffin lid.

O happy baby, O cherub girl!  
Borne up out of the din and whirl,  
Out of the sorrow and saddened strife  
That burdens ever the brightest life.

Out of the darkness and out of the gloom  
A bud, in the garden of God to bloom;  
Safe from danger, and death and cold,  
Sheltered forever within the fold.

What have you missed, O dainty dove,  
By flying so soon to the realms above?  
Missed earth's sorrows, and missed earth's fears;  
A woman's pains, and a woman's tears;  
The aching head, and the weary feet;  
The bitter lees of a cup too sweet;  
Danger and sickness, and death and loss—  
And all the pleasures that are but dross.

Sweet, sweet face, with the soulful eyes,  
Look from the windows of God's fair skies,  
Look with those beauteous orbs of thine  
And draw me nearer the things divine.  
Walking along life's troubled way,  
Let me look up, as I looked that day,  
And know that a fair and cherub face  
Smiles upon me through leagues of space.

Help me to keep from the snares, my sweet,  
That lie unnumbered about my feet.  
Smile when I stumble, that I may rise  
Cheered by the light of thy lovely eyes.

Plead with the Father to make me strong,  
To keep my steps from the path of wrong,  
And when my journey of life is done  
May I see thy face, O cherub one.

**SEARCHING.**

These quiet Autumn days,  
My soul, like Noah's dove, on airy wings  
Goes out and searches for the hidden things  
Beyond the hills of haze.

With mournful, pleading cries,  
Above the waters of the voiceless sea  
That laps the shore of broad Eternity,  
Day after day, it flies,

Searching, but all in vain,  
For some stray leaf that it may light upon,  
And read the future, as the days ago—  
Its pleasures, and its pain.

Listening patiently  
For some voice speaking from the mighty deep,  
Revealing all the things that it doth keep  
In secret there for me.

Come back and wait, my soul!  
Day after day thy search has been in vain.

Voiceless and silent o'er the future's plain  
Its mystic waters roll.

God, seeing, knoweth best,  
And in His time the waters shall subside,  
And thou shalt know what lies beneath the tide.  
Then wait, my soul, and rest.

**OUR BLESSINGS.**

Sitting to-day in the sunshine,  
That touched me with fingers of love,  
I thought of the manifold blessings  
God scatters on earth, from above;  
And they seemed, as I numbered them over,  
Far more than we merit, or need,  
And all that we lack is the angels  
To make earth a heaven indeed.

The winter brings long, pleasant evenings,  
The spring brings a promise of flowers  
That summer breathes into fruition,  
And autumn brings glad, golden hours.  
The woodlands re-echo with music,  
The moonbeams ensilver the sea;  
There is sunlight and beauty about us,  
And the world is as fair as can be.

But mortals are always complaining.  
Each one thinks his own a sad lot;  
And forgetting the good things about him,  
Goes mourning for those he has not.



Instead of the star-spangled heavens,  
We look on the dust at our feet;  
We drain out the cup that is bitter,  
Forgetting the one that is sweet.

We mourn o'er the thorn in the flower,  
Forgetting its odor and bloom;  
We pass by a garden of blossoms,  
To weep o'er the dust of the tomb.  
There are blessings unnumbered about us,—  
Like the leaves of the forest they grow;  
And the fault is our own—not the Giver's—  
That we have not an Eden below.

**GOING AWAY.**

Walking to-day on the Common,  
I heard a stranger say  
To a friend who was standing near him,  
"Do you know I am going away?"  
I had never seen their faces,  
May never see them again;  
Yet the words the stranger uttered,  
Stirred me with nameless pain.

For I knew some heart would miss him,  
Would ache at his "going away!"  
And the earth would seem all cheerless  
For many and many a day.  
No matter how light my spirits,  
No matter how glad my heart,  
If I hear those two words spoken,  
The teardrops always start.

They are so sad and solemn,  
So full of a lonely sound;  
Like dead leaves rustling downward,  
And dropping upon the ground.

Oh, I pity the naked branches,  
When the skies are dull and gray,  
And the last leaf whispers softly,  
"Good bye, I am going away."

In the dreary, dripping autumn,  
The wings of the flying birds,  
As they soar away to the south land,  
Seem always to say those words.  
Wherever they may be spoken,  
They fall with a sob and sigh;  
And heartaches follow the sentence,  
"I am going away, Good bye."

Oh God, in Thy blessed kingdom,  
No lips shall ever say,  
No ears shall ever harken  
To the words "I am going away."  
For no soul ever wearies  
Of the dear, bright angel land,  
And no saint ever wanders  
From the sunny golden land.

**BE NOT WEARY.**

Sometimes, when I am toil-worn and aweary,  
All tired out with working long and well,  
And earth is dark, and skies above are dreary,  
And heart and soul are all too sick to tell,  
These words have come to me like angel fingers  
Pressing the spirit's eyelids down in sleep,  
"Oh let us not be weary in well doing,  
For in due season we shall surely reap."

Oh blessed promise! When I seem to hear it,  
Whispered by angel voices on the air,  
It breathes new life and courage to my spirit,  
And gives me strength to suffer and forbear.  
And I can wait most patiently for harvest,  
And cast my seeds, nor ever faint, nor weep,  
If I know surely that my work availeth,  
And in God's season, I at last shall reap.

When mind and body were borne down completely,  
And I have thought my efforts were all in vain,  
These words have come to me so softly, sweetly,  
And whispered hope, and urged me on again.

And though my labor seems all unavailing,  
And all my striving fruitless, yet the Lord  
Doth treasure up each little seed I scatter,  
And sometime, *sometime*, I shall reap reward.

**GROWING OLD.**

Little by little the year grows old,  
The red leaves drop from the maple boughs;  
The sun grows dim, and the winds blow cold,  
Down from the distant arctic seas.

Out of the skies the soft light dies,  
And the shadows of autumn come creeping over,  
And the bee and the bird are no longer heard  
In grove or meadow, or field of clover.

Little by little our lives grow old,  
Our faces no longer are fair to see;  
For gray creeps into the curls of gold,  
And the red fades out of the cheeks, ah me!

And the birds that sang till our heart strings rang  
With strains of hope, and joy, and pleasure,  
Have flown away; and our hearts today  
Hear only the weird wind's solemn measure.

Youth and summer, and beauty and bloom,  
Droop and die in the autumn weather,  
But up from the gloom of the winter's tomb,  
They shall rise, in God's good time, together.

**THE SUMMONS.**

Some day, when the golden glory  
Of June is over the earth,  
And the birds are singing together  
In a wild, mad strain of mirth;  
When the skies are as clear and cloudless  
As the skies of June can be,  
I would like to have the summons  
Sent down from God to me.

Some glowing, golden morning  
In the heart of the summer time,  
As I stand in the perfect vigor  
And strength of my youth's glad prime;  
When my heart is light and happy,  
And the world seems bright to me,  
I would like to drop from this earth life,  
As a green leaf drops from the tree.

I would not wait for the furrows—  
For the faded eyes and hair;  
But pass out swift and sudden,  
Ere I grow heart-sick with care;



I would break some morn in my singing—  
Or fall in my springing walk  
As a full-blown flower will sometimes  
Drop, all a-bloom, from the stalk.

I think the leaf would sooner  
Be the first to break away,  
Than to hang alone in the orchard  
In the bleak November day.  
And I think the fate of the flower  
That falls in the midst of bloom  
Is sweeter than if it lingered  
To die in the autumn's gloom.

And so, in my youth's glad morning,  
While the summer walks abroad,  
I would like to hear the summons,  
That must come, sometime, from God.  
I would pass from the earth's perfection  
To the endless June above;  
From the fullness of living and loving,  
To the noon of Immortal Love.

**CONVERSION.**

When this world's pleasures for my soul sufficed,  
Ere my heart's plummet sounded depths of pain,  
I called on Reason to control my brain,  
And scoffed at that old story of the Christ.

But when o'er burning wastes my feet had trod,  
And all my life was desolate with loss,  
With bleeding hands I clung about the cross,  
And cried aloud, "Man needs a suffering God!"

## ONE WOMAN'S PLEA.

Now God be with the men who stand  
In legislative halls, to-day.  
Those chosen princes of our land—  
May God be with them all, I say,  
And may His wisdom guide and shield them,  
For mighty is the trust we yield them.

Oh men! who hold a people's fate,  
There in the hollow of your hand.  
Each word you utter, soon or late,  
Shall leave its impress on our land,—  
Forth from the halls of legislation,  
Shall speed its way through all our nation.

Then, may the Source of Truth, and Light,  
Be ever o'er them, ever near,  
And may He guide each word aright;  
May no false precept greet the ear,  
No selfish love, for purse, or faction,  
Stay Justice's hand, or guide one action.

And may no one, among these men  
Lift to his lips the damning glass,

Let no man say, with truth, again,  
 What has been said, in truth, alas,  
 "Men drink, in halls of legislation—  
 Why shouldn't we, of lower station?"

And may God's lasting curses fall  
 On those who hint, or boldly say,  
 That men have need of alcohol,  
 Or that wine helps them, anyway.  
 These imps of hell—for all who aid them  
 May God's eternal curse upbraid them.

Oh men! you see, you hear this beast,  
 This fiend that pillages the earth,  
 Whose work is death—whose hourly feast,  
 Is noble souls, and minds of worth—  
 You see—and if you will not chain him,  
 Nor reach one hand forth, to detain him,

For God's sake, do not give him aid,  
 Nor urge him onward. Oh, to me  
 It seems so strange that laws are made  
 To crush all other crimes, while he  
 Who bears down through Hell's gaping portals  
 The countless souls of rum-wrecked mortals

Is left to wander, to and fro,  
 In perfect freedom through the land,

And those who ought to see, and know,  
Will lift no warning voice or hand.  
Oh, men in halls of legislation,  
Rise to the combat, save the nation!

**IF.**

If I were sent to represent  
    A portion of a nation  
I would not chat, on this and that,  
    In the halls of legislation.  
To show my power, I'd waste no hour  
    In aimless talk and bother,  
Nor fritter away a precious day  
    On this and that and the other.

Whether the food a dog consumes  
    Wouldn't make a porker fatter,  
And about a thousand useless things,  
    Of no import or matter;—  
Whether each day a man should pray  
    For our welfare, or shouldn't.  
Now I do not say men do this way;  
    I merely say I wouldn't!

No! were I sent to represent  
    A state, or town, or county,  
I'd do some good, and all I could,  
    To earn the people's bounty.

Instead of a dog, or a fattening hog,  
I'd talk about men's drinking!  
And, with words of fire, I would inspire  
The stolid and unthinking.

And the time that I might idly waste,  
(I don't say men do waste it,)  
I'd spend in pleading for my cause,  
And, with tongue and pen, I'd haste it  
Through all the land, till a mighty band,  
With laws and legislation,  
Should cleanse the stain and cut the chain  
That binds our helpless nation.

And little need would there be then,  
When that bright sun had risen,  
Of asylum wings or building sites—  
Of county or state prison.  
The need is made by the liquor trade!  
Oh ye wise, sage law-makers,  
'Tis the friend you smile upon that makes  
Our madmen and law-breakers.

“Two-thirds,” so reads our State Report,  
“Are made insane by liquor!”  
And so I say, I'd spend no day  
In idle chat and bicker

If I were sent to represent  
A portion of a nation;  
But I'd plead for laws, until my cause  
Was won through legislation.



## A PLEA FOR FAME.

Let those slander fame who will—  
Call her cheat and blame her ways.  
It may all be true; and still  
I shall give her words of praise,  
She has been my faithful friend,  
True and constant to the end.

Since I saw her hand first beckon  
Far above my lowly plain,  
I have had no need to reckon  
What my loss, or what my gain.  
She has made sweet blossoms blow  
In whatever path I go;  
She has made the dark ways light,  
Made the somber places bright;  
She has filled my empty cup  
Full to overflow with pleasure,  
And, though I may drink it up,  
She again refills the measure.

She has never promised aught  
That she has not more than brought.  
She has stood by me in danger,  
Made a friend of many a stranger—

Made a welcome warm for me  
Whereso'er my lot may be;  
Thrown wide open many a door  
That was closed to me before;  
Given me every boon and blessing—  
Almost—that is worth possessing.

All my life I never knew  
Any other friend so true.  
Youth and Love are fleeting things;  
Wealth has light and airy wings—  
Fame, once mine, will never flee,  
She has been a friend to me.  
Let who will condemn her ways,  
I shall always sing her praise.

## A MOTHER'S WAIL.

The sweet young spring walks over the earth,  
It flushes and glows on moor and lea;  
The birds are singing in careless mirth—  
The brook flows cheerily on to the sea.  
And I know that the flowers are blooming now,  
Over my beautiful darling's brow;  
Blooming and blowing in perfume now  
Over my poor lost darling's brow.

The breath of the passionate summer turns  
The green on the hills to a deeper dye.  
The wind from the southland blows and burns;  
The sun grows red in the brazen sky;  
And I know that the long, dark grasses wave  
Over my beautiful darling's grave;  
Rise and fall, and lift and wave  
Over my darling's narrow grave.

The days flow on and the summer dies  
And glorious autumn takes the crown,  
And toward the south the robin flies,  
And the grass on the hill grows dull and brown,

And the leaves, all gold, and purple, and red  
Drift over my precious darling's bed.  
Drift and flutter, all gold and red,  
Over my darling's lonely bed.

The winter comes with its chilling snow  
And wraps the world in a spotless shroud,  
And cold from the north the wild wind blows,  
And the tempest rages fierce and loud;  
It shrieks, and sobs, and sighs, and weeps,  
Over the mound where my darling sleeps;  
In pity it sobs, and sighs, and weeps  
Over the ground where my lost one sleeps.

He was so young, and fair, and brave,  
The pride of my bosom, my heart's best joy;  
And he lieth now in a drunkard's grave,—  
My beautiful darling—my only boy.  
But down in my heart of hearts I know  
He has gone where the tempter never can go,  
To heaven his soul has gone, I know,  
Where the souls of his tempters never can go.

They charmed him into his licensed hell,  
They gave him rum, and his eye grew wild;  
And lower and lower, down he fell,  
'Till they made a fiend of my precious child.

May the curses of God fall on the soul  
Who gave my darling the poison bowl;  
Aye! curses dark and deep on the soul  
Who tempted my darling to lift the bowl.

**"THE SAME OLD STRAIN."**

Each day that I live I am persuaded anew,  
A maxim I long have believed in, is true.  
Each day I grow firmer in this, my belief,  
Strong drink causes half the world's trouble and  
grief.

Do I take up a paper, I read of a fight,  
Tom's fist in his eye deprived Jamie of sight;  
Both fellows were drinking before it began,  
And drink made a brute of a peaceable man.

Next, Jones kills his wife, such an awful affair!  
She was throttled, and pounded, and drawn by the  
hair;  
Cause—"Jones had been drinking—not in his sane  
mind."  
(Few men *are* who tip up the bottle, I find.)

Then, a man is assaulted and dirked in the dark  
By two "jolly boys" who are out on a "lark;"  
They have ever been peaceable boys—but, you see,  
They drank, and "were hardly themselves" on this  
spree.

Just over the street lives the man who is known  
To be honest and kind, when he lets drink alone;  
But whenever he quaffs from the full, flowing bowl,  
He is more like a beast than a man with a soul.

Next door lives the husband who frets at his wife;  
With his temper and spleen, she's no peace of her  
life.

Well I know—do you? he muddles his head  
Every night with hot toddy, ere going to bed.

“We temperance croakers harp on the same  
strain?”

Well—the *cause* is one story again and again;  
Fights—tragedy—troubles—all stirred up by drink,  
Good reason we have to keep *harping*, I think.

We harp to these words; strong drink drives the  
knife

To the heart of a friend, and deprives him of life;  
It turns sober boys into rowdies and knaves—  
It steals from the household to fill up the graves.

Who loves it the most first falls by its art;  
It first wins its victim—then strikes to the heart.  
But one thing is certain—it never was known  
To do a man harm if he let it alone.

## LIMITLESS.

There is nothing, I hold, in the way of work  
That a human being may not achieve  
If he does not falter, or shrink or shirk,  
And more than all, if he will *believe*.

Believe in himself and the power behind  
That stands like an aid on a dual ground,  
With hope for the spirit and oil for the wound,  
Ready to strengthen the arm or mind.

When the motive is right and the will is strong  
There are no limits to human power;  
For that great force back of us moves along  
And takes us with it, in trial's hour.

And whatever the height you yearn to climb,  
Tho' it never was trod by the foot of man,  
And no matter how steep—I say you *can*.  
If you will be patient—and use your time.



## DENIED.

The winds came out of the west one day,  
And hurried the clouds before them;  
And drove the shadows and mists away,  
And over the mountains bore them.  
And I wept, "Oh, wind, blow into my mind,  
Blow into my soul and heart,  
And scatter the clouds that hang like shrouds,  
And make the shadows depart."

The rain came out of the leaden skies  
And beat on the earth's cold bosom.  
It said to the sleeping grass, "Arise,"  
And the young buds sprang in blossom.  
And I wept in pain, "Oh, blessed rain,  
Beat into my heart to-day;  
Thaw out the snows that are chilling it so,  
Till it blossoms in hope, I pray."

The sunshine fell on the bare-armed trees,  
In a wonderful sheen of glory;  
And the young leaves rustled and sang to the  
breeze,  
And whispered a love-fraught story.

And "Sun, oh shine on this heart of mine,  
And woo it to life," I cried;  
But the wind, and sun, and rain, each one  
The coveted boon denied.

**WARNED.**

They stood at the garden gate,  
By the lifting of a lid  
She might have read her fate  
In a little thing he did.

He plucked a beautiful flower,  
Tore it away from its place  
On the side of the blooming bower  
And held it against his face.

Drank in its beauty and bloom,  
In the midst of his idle talk;  
Then cast it down to the gloom  
And dust of the garden walk.

Aye, trod it under his foot,  
As it lay in his pathway there;  
Then spurned it away with his boot,  
Because it had ceased to be fair.

Ah! the maiden might have read  
The doom of her young life then;  
But she looked in his eyes instead,  
And thought him the king of men.

She looked in his eyes and blushed,  
She hid in his strong arms' fold;  
And the tale of the flower, crushed  
And spurned, was once more told.

## RICH AND POOR.

By the castle-gate my lady stands,  
Viewing broad acres and spreading lands.

Hill and valley and mead and plain  
Are all her own, with their wealth of grain.

In the richest of rich robes she is dressed,  
A jewel blazes upon her breast;

And her brow is decked with a diadem  
That glitters with many a precious gem.

But what to the Lady Wendoline  
Rich satin garments or jewels fine?

Or ripening harvests, or spreading lands—  
See! she is wringing her milk-white hands!

And her finger is stained with crimson dew  
Where the ring with the diamond star cut through.

And a look of pain and wild despair  
Rests on the face, so young and fair.

To-morrow will be her bridal day,  
And she will barter herself away

For added wealth and a titled name;  
'Tis the curse of her station, and whose the blame!

She loathes the man who will call her wife,  
And moans o'er her hapless, loveless life.

The joys of wooing she cannot know;  
My lord, her father, has willed it so.

She's a piece of merchandise, bought and sold  
For name, position, and bags of gold.

But people must wed in their own degree,  
Though hearts may break in their agony.

Under the hill, in the castle's shade,  
At a cottage door sits an humble maid;

In her cheek the blushes come and go  
As she stitches away on a robe like snow;

And she sings aloud in her happiness—  
In a joy she cannot hide or repress.

Close at her side her lover stands,  
Watching the nimble, sun-browed hands

As they draw the needle to and fro  
Through the robe as white as drift of snow.

Both hearts are singing a wordless lay,  
For the morrow will be their bridal day.

They have only their hands, their love, their health,  
In place of title, position, and wealth.

But which is the rich, and which the poor,  
The maid at the gate, or the maid in the door?

**OVER THE ALLEY.**

Here in my office I sit and write  
Hour on hour, and day on day,  
With no one to speak to from morn till night,  
Though I have a neighbor just over the way.  
Across the alley that yawns between  
A maiden sits sewing the whole day long;  
A face more lovely is seldom seen  
In hall or castle or country throng.

Her curling tresses are golden brown;  
Her eyes, I think, are violet blue,  
Though her long, thick lashes are always down,  
Jealously hiding the orbs from view;  
Her neck is slender, and round, and white,  
And this way and that way her soft hair blows,  
As there in the window, from morn till night,  
She sits in her beauty, and sings and sews.

And I, in my office chair, lounge and dream,  
In an idle way, of a sweet "might be,"  
While the maid at her window sews her seam,  
With never a glance or a thought for me.



Perhaps she is angry because I look  
So long and often across the way,  
Over the top of my ledger-book;  
But those stolen glances brighten the day.

And I am blameless of any wrong;—  
She the transgressor, by sitting there  
And making my eyes turn oft and long  
To a face so delicate, pure and fair.  
Work is forgotten; the page lies clean,  
Untouched by the pen, while hours go by.  
Oh, maid of the pensive air and mien!  
Give me one glance from your violet eye.

Drop your thimble or spool of thread  
Down in the alley, I pray, my sweet,  
Or the comb or ribbon from that fair head,  
That I may follow with nimble feet;  
For how can I tell you my heart has gone  
Across the alley, and lingers there,  
Till I know your name, my beautiful one?  
How could I venture, and how could I dare?

Just one day longer I'll wait and dream,  
And then, if you grant me no other way,  
I shall write you a letter: "Maid of the seam,  
You have stolen my property; now give pay,

Beautiful robber and charming thief!

Give but a glance for the deed you've done."

Thus shall I tell you my loss and grief,

Over the alley, my beautiful one.

## AT THE WINDOW.

Every morning, as I walk down  
From my dreary lodgings, toward the town,  
I see at a window, near the street,  
The face of a woman, fair and sweet,  
With soft brown eyes and chestnut hair,  
And red lips, warm with the kiss left there.  
And she stands there as long as she can see  
The man who walks just ahead of me.

At night, when I come from my office down town,  
There stands the woman with eyes of brown,  
Smiling out through the window blind  
At the man who is walking just behind.

This fellow and I resemble each other—  
At least so I'm told by one and another,  
(Though I think I'm the handsomer far, of the  
two,)  
I don't know him at all, save to "how d'ye do,"

Or nod when I meet him, I think he's at work  
In a dry goods store, as a salaried clerk.

And I am a lawyer of high renown,  
Have a snug bank account and an office down  
town,—  
Yet I feel for that fellow an envious spite,  
(It has no other name, so I speak it outright.)  
There were symptoms before; but it's grown, I  
believe,  
Alarmingly fast, since one cloudy eve,  
When passing the little house close by the street,  
I heard the patter of two little feet,  
And a figure in pink fluttered down to the gate,  
And a sweet voice exclaimed, "Oh, Will, you are  
late!  
And, darling, I've watched at the window until—  
Sir, I beg pardon! I thought it was Will!"

I passed on my way, with such a strange feeling  
Down in my heart. My brain seemed to be reel-  
ing;  
For, as it happens, my name, too, is Will,  
And that voice, crying "darling," sent such an  
odd thrill  
Throughout my whole being! "How nice it would  
be,"  
Thought I, "If it were in reality me  
That she's watched and longed for, instead of that  
lout!"  
(It was envy that made me use that word, no  
doubt,)

For he's a fine fellow, and handsome!—(ahem!)  
But then it's absurd that this rare little gem  
Of a woman should stand there and look out for  
him  
Till she brings on a headache, and makes her eyes  
dim,  
While I go to lodgings, dull, dreary and bare,  
With no one to welcome me, no one to care  
If I'm early or late. No soft eyes of brown  
To watch when I go to, or come from the town.

This bleak, wretched, bachelor life is about  
(If I may be allowed the expression) played out.  
Somewhere there must be, in this wide world, I  
think,  
Another fair woman who dresses in pink,  
And I know of a cottage, for sale, just below,  
And it has a French window in front, and—  
heighho!  
I wonder how long, at the longest, 'twill be  
Before, coming home from the office, I'll see  
A nice, little woman there, watching for me.

**ONLY A KISS.**

Once, when the summer lay on the hilltops,  
And the sunshine fell like a golden flame,  
Out from the city's dust and turmoil  
A gallant, fair-haired stranger came—  
Came to rest in our humble cottage  
Till the winds of autumn should blow again,  
To walk by the meadows and lie by the brooklet,  
And woo back the strength that the town had  
slain.

I was young, with the heart of a maiden  
That had never been wooed; and the stranger  
bland  
Awoke that heart from its idle dreaming,  
And swept the strings with a master hand.  
I remember the thrill and the first wild tremor  
That stirred its depth with a sweet surprise,  
When I glanced one day at the handsome stranger,  
And caught the gaze of his deep, dark eyes.

My cheek grew red with its tell-tale blushes,  
And the knitting dropped from my nervous  
grasp;  
He stooped, and then, as he gracefully gave it,  
He held my hand in a loving clasp.

We said no word, but he knew my secret;  
He read what lay in my maiden heart;  
No vain concealing was needed longer  
To hide the tremor his voice would start.

We walked in the meadow and by the brooklet,  
My sun-brown hand in his snowy palm;  
He said my blushes would shame the roses,  
And my heart stood still in a blissful calm.  
He stroked my tresses, my raven ringlets,  
And twined them over his fingers fair;  
My eye's dark splendor was full of danger,  
He said, for Cupid was lurking there.

And once he held me close to his bosom,  
And pressed on my lips a laughing kiss;  
Oh! how I tremble with shame and anger,  
Pitiful now, as I think of this.  
But in that moment I thought that Heaven  
Had suddenly opened and drawn me in.  
And kissed with passion the lips so near me,  
Nor dreamed I was staining my soul with sin.

But came a letter one quiet evening  
To the man that was dearer to me than life—  
"A picture," he said, as he tore it open,  
"Look, sweet friend, at my fair young wife."

A terrible anguish, a seething anger,  
Heaved in my bosom and blanched my cheek,  
And he who stood there holding the letter,  
He watched me smiling, but did not speak.

I took the picture and gazed upon it—  
A sweet young creature with sunny hair  
And eyes of blue. "May the good Lord keep you,"  
I said aloud, "In His tender care—  
You who are wedded and bound forever  
Unto this man"—and I met his eyes—  
"This soulless villain, this shameless coward,  
Whose heart is black with acted lies!"

My heart swelled full of a terrible hatred,  
And something of murder was burning there,  
But a better feeling stole in behind it,  
As I looked on the picture sweet and fair.  
I turned and left him, and never saw him—  
Nor looked on his startled face again—  
And time has tempered my shame and sorrow,  
And soothed and quieted down my pain.

But I always tremble, in awful anger,  
That wears and worries my waning life,  
When I think how he clasped me close to his bosom,  
He—with a lawfully wedded wife!—



When I think how I answered his light caresses,  
And clung to his neck in a trance of bliss,  
And the tears of a lifetime and all my sorrow  
Can never remove the stain of his kiss.

**MY SHIP.**

If all the ships I have at sea  
Should come a sailing home to me,  
Laden with precious gems and gold,  
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold  
So many sails as there would be,  
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,  
And brought their precious freight to me,  
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great  
As any king who rules in state,  
So rich the treasures that would be  
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea  
Should come a sailing home to me,  
Ah, well! the storm clouds then might frown;  
For if the others all went down,  
Still rich, and proud, and glad, I'd be  
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,  
And all the others came to me,

Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,  
With glory, honor, riches, gold—  
The poorest soul on earth I'd be  
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free!  
Blow all my ships safe home to me;  
But if thou sendest some a-wrack  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send any—all that skim the sea,  
But bring my love-ship home to me.

**FINIS.**

An idle rhyme of the summer time,  
Sweet, and solemn, and tender;  
Fair with the haze of the moon's pale rays,  
Bright with the sunset's splendor.

Summer and beauty over the lands—  
Careless hours of pleasure;  
A meeting of eyes and a touching of hands—  
A change in the floating measure.

A deeper hue in the skies of blue,  
Winds from the tropics blowing;  
A softer grace on the fair moon's face,  
And the summer going, going.

The leaves drift down, the green grows brown,  
And tears with smiles are blended;  
A twilight hour and a treasured flower,—  
And now the poem is ended.

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## LINES.

Written by Request of the Proprietors of Windsor  
Cheese Factory.

Alas! my muse is getting fast;  
She uses slang, 'tis very clear.  
Last eve, as she was flying past,  
She whispered "Cheese it!" in my ear.

I chided her with words like these:  
"You slangy jade, avaunt! go by!"  
Again she said. "You'd better cheese—  
The fact-ory you can't deny."

I struck her with my pen and cried,  
"Away! you fill my breast with woe  
And bitter shame." She only sighed,  
"Oh, whey-er, whey-er shall I go!"

"You talk more like a pilot man"  
Said I, "than like a poet's muse."  
Said she, "I'll seek the vat-I-can,  
But I will fly from such abuse."

Quoth I, "What's turned your silly head?  
I was but jesting, anyway."  
"My blood is curdling now," she said.  
"But if you press it, I will stay."

Some sage advise I gave her then,  
And boxed her ears, the wicked tease,  
And I told her she could cut it; when  
I sat down to sing of cheese.

Cheese, lively subject of a poet's dream,  
My thoughts go skipping through the tender  
theme.  
Venerable topic, old as the hills, I sing,  
Yet ever new, and green, like love, and spring.

Cheese, savory subject! let me weave a song  
Out of my merits, musical and strong.  
Others may sing of green grass, if they please,  
I sing of it in the useful form of cheese.

The world keeps moving. Now, it's upside down.  
Time was, when pretty maidens of each town  
Made all the cheese; and while they pressed the  
curds,  
Their lovers pressed their suits, in earnest words.

Now men make cheese, and press it, and their  
wives

And daughters worry and torment their lives,  
By pressing their suits, new spring suits, the while,  
And asking for money, to dress out in style.

Strong-minded sisters, what more can you ask?  
Man takes, himself, the burden of your task,  
And you enjoy the proceeds, and your "rights,"  
For which each woman of the period fights.

Hail! Windsorburgh; may your cheese prove the  
limb

You'll walk forth on, in sight of all the world.  
And may the fame of Limburg yet grow dim,  
When once your banner is unfurled.

Hail! Windsor enterprise, pluck, pride, ambition  
Ignoring scoffs, defying competition.

Providence smiles upon your latest plan,  
And soaks the grass, to help you all it can.

Three cheers for Windsor, factory and all,  
Upon its homes may choicest blessings fall.  
And so my song is ended; if you please,  
Will Mr. Sherman—E. P.—pass the cheese?

**OVER THE WATER.**

Think of it, think of it over the water

Thousands of men to-day march on to death,  
Think how the sun shines on fields red with slaughter—

How the air chokes, with the cannon's hot breath.

How in the shadows, perchance, of this even,

Hundreds of hearts, will have paused in their  
beat,

Pale, ghastly brows, will be turned up to heaven—

Brows that were pressed by lips, tender and  
sweet.

Think of the homes that these battles are leaving

Destitute, desolate, dreary and dumb.

Think of the fond, patient, hearts that are grieving,

Breaking for loved ones, who never will come.

Ah! we so recently felt this same anguish,

Women—Oh! women who suffer and pray,

We well can weep with you, who weep and languish,

We have borne all you are bearing to-day.



“God speed the right,” we cry, “God be with Prussia,”

Yet to the mourners of soldiers who fall,  
Whether their tears flow in France, or in Russia,  
Their dead are their dead, and we pity them all.

Think of it, think of it, hearts that are breaking,  
Sorrowing, suffering, over the sea.  
Think of the eyes that are blinded and aching  
With watching for those whom they never will  
see.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

Gather them out of the valley—  
Bring them from moorland and hill,  
And cast them in wreaths and in garlands  
On the city so silent and still—  
So voiceless, and silent, and still:  
Where neighbor speaks never to neighbor  
Where the song of the bird and the brown bee  
is heard,  
But never the harsh sound of labor.

Bring them from woodland and meadow—  
As fresh and as fair as can be.  
Bring them, all kinds, and all colors,  
That grow upon upland and lea—  
That spring in wild grace on the lea,  
And rifle the green earth's warm bosom  
Of each flower, and blow till "God's acre" shall  
glow  
And bloom, like a garden in blossom.

Bring them from vase and from hot-house,  
And strew them with bountiful hand.  
There is nothing too rare for the soldier,

Who laid down his life for his land—  
Who laid down all things for his land,  
And turned to the duty before him;  
And how now can we prove our thanks and our  
love  
But by casting these May blossoms o'er him?

We know they will soon fade and wither—  
We know they will soon droop and die;  
But one time, I read, how an angel  
Came down from the mansion on high—  
In the night, from God's kingdom on high—  
Came down where a poor faded flower  
Lay crushed by rude feet, in the dust in the  
street,  
And he carried it up to God's bower;

And laid it before the God Master,  
Who kissed it, and passed it to Christ,  
On the throne at His side; and He kissed it,  
And the touch of those kisses sufficed—  
And the touch of the God-head sufficed—  
And it bloomed out in wonderful splendor,  
A thing of delight, and most fair in God's sight—  
'Tis a fable, I know; but so tender,

So sweet that I like to believe it—  
And I have been thinking, to-day,

That mayhap these soldiers, now angels,  
Will come, when these wreaths fade away—  
When they wither and shrivel away—  
And will bear the crushed things up to heaven,  
And God, and His Son, will kiss them, each one,  
And new beauty and bloom will be given.

An odd fancy, perhaps, yet dispute it,  
And prove it untrue if you can.  
There are strange, subtle ways, in God's workings  
Now veiled from the knowledge of man,  
Shut out from the vision of man,  
By a dark veil of deep mortal blindness;  
But when God deems it right, He will give us our  
sight,  
And remove the thick veil, in His kindness;

And when we have entered His kingdom,  
And all his strange ways understand,  
Who knows but these very same flowers  
We shall find there abloom, in His land,  
All fresh, and all fair, in His land;  
And these soldiers who went on before us,  
As we wander and stray, through God's gardens,  
shall say:  
"These are the wreaths you cast o'er us."

Then strew ye the best and the brightest  
Of buds and of blossoms full blown,

Over the graves of the loved ones—  
Over those labeled "Unknown;"  
Oh! the pathos of that word, "Unknown!"  
Bring hither the brightest and rarest,  
And reckon not if the clay wore the blue garb or  
gray;  
We will give him the best and the fairest.

For somebody mourned for the "missing,"  
And wept for them hot, scalding tears,  
And hoped against hope for their coming;  
And waited, and watched months and years.  
Such long and such desolate years!  
But the hearts are so patient that love them,  
And some now watch and weep for the soldiers  
who sleep  
With the slab labeled "Unknown" above them.

Then gather from meadow and woodland,  
From garden and hot-house and vase,  
The brightest and choicest of blossoms,  
And scatter them here in this place,  
This holy and hallowed place—  
This city of rest, not of labor,  
Where only the bird and th' brown bee is heard,  
And neighbor speaks never to neighbor.

**THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE.**

God bless the hero of my song!

Six years the chieftain of our state!  
We've held him in our hearts so long,  
And proved him good, and true, and great,  
That now we could not let him go,  
Even if he would have it so.

I hear the praises of his name

From east and west, and north and south,  
His foes are silenced from sheer shame:

His deeds have sealed up slander's mouth,  
And all the little imps of spite  
He's crushed beneath his heel of right.

He dropped an arm one bloody day

In beating down the walls of wrong,  
But no strength went with it away;

His other grew full thrice as strong.  
Few men, with their two hands, have done  
As noble deeds as he with one.

His soul speaks through his eye of blue,

And all men know him one to trust,

Because his heart is kind and true,  
And all his actions prove him just.  
I speak for thousands when I cry,  
"The people's favorite for aye!"

May God be with him all his days—  
With him and all he holds most dear;  
And if my little song of praise  
Should chance to fall upon his ear,  
May he accept the offering,  
And know that from my heart I sing.

**AN ARMY REUNION.**

After the battles are over,  
And the war drums cease to beat,  
And no more is heard on the hillside  
The sound of hurrying feet,  
Full many a noble action,  
That was done in the days of strife,  
By the soldier, is half forgotten  
In the peaceful walks of life.

Just as the tangled grasses  
In summer's warmth and light  
Grow over the grave of the fallen  
And hide them away from sight  
So many an act of valor  
And many a deed sublime  
Fade from the mind of the soldier,  
O'ergrown by the grass of time.

Not so should they be rewarded,  
Those noble deeds of old;  
They should live forever and ever,  
When the heroes' hearts are cold.



Then rally, ye brave old comrades,  
Old veterans, reunite!  
Uproot time's tangled grasses—  
Live over the march, and the fight.

Let Grant come up from the White House,  
And clasp each brother's hand—  
First chieftain of the army,  
Last chieftain of the land.  
Let him rest from a nation's burdens  
And go in thought, with his men,  
Through the fire and smoke of Shiloh,  
And save the day again.

This silent hero of battles  
Knew no such word as defeat.  
It was left for the rebels' learning,  
Along with the word retreat,  
He was not given to talking,  
But he found that guns would preach  
In a way that was more convincing  
Than a fine or flowery speech.

Three cheers for the grave commander  
Of the grand old Tennessee!  
Who won the first great battle—  
Gained the first great victory.

His motto was always "Conquer,"  
    "Success" was his countersign,  
And "though it took all summer,"  
    He kept fighting upon "that line."

Let Sherman, the stern old general,  
    Respond to the reveille,  
Let him march with his boys to Georgia,  
    From "Atlanta down to the sea,"  
Oh, that grand tramp to Savannah!  
    Three hundred miles to the coast!  
It will live in the heart of the nation,  
    Forever in pride and boast.

As Sheridan went to the battle,  
    When a score of miles away,  
He has come to the feast and banquet,  
    By the iron-horse, to-day,  
Its pace is not much swifter  
    Than the pace of that famous steed  
That bore him down to the contest  
    And saved the day by his speed.

(When the above verse, which had been improvised on half of a programme by Miss Wheeler, during the progress of the exercises, was read, it created wild enthusiasm, and led the loud calls for

Sheridan, who came to the front of the platform, where he was received with loud applause and bowed his acknowledgments.)

Then go over the ground to-day, boys,  
Tread each remembered spot,  
It will be a gleesome journey  
On the swift-shod feet of thought;  
You can fight a bloodless battle,  
You can skirmish along the route,  
But it's not worth while to forage,  
There's rations enough without.

Don't start if you hear a cannon,  
It is not the sound of doom,  
It does not call to the contest—  
To the battle's smoke and gloom.  
"Let us have peace," was spoken,  
And Lo! peace ruled again;  
And now the nation is shouting,  
Through the cannon's voice, "Amen."

Oh, boys, who besieged old Vicksburg,  
Can time e'er wash away  
The triumph of her surrender,  
Nine years ago to-day!

Can you ever forget the moment,  
When you saw the flag of white,  
That told how the grim old city  
Had fallen in her might?

Ah, 'twas a bold, brave army,  
When the boys, with a right good will,  
Went gayly marching and singing  
To the fight at Champion Hill.  
They met with a warm reception,  
But the soul of "Old John Brown"  
Was abroad on the field of battle,  
And our flag did not go down.

Come, heroes of Lookout Mountain,  
Of Corinth and Donelson,  
Of Kenesaw and Atlanta,  
And tell how the day was won!  
Hush! bow the head for a moment—  
There are those who cannot come,  
No bugle call can arouse them—  
No sound of fife or drum.

McPherson fell in the battle,  
When its waves were surging high,  
Brave Ransom sank by the wayside;  
'Twas a lonely death to die.

They walk God's fair, green meadows,  
They dwell in the land of bliss,  
Yet I think their spirits are with us  
In such an hour as this.

Oh, boys who died for the country,  
Oh, dear and sainted dead!  
What can we say about you  
That has not once been said,  
Whether you fell in the contest,  
Struck down by shot or shell,  
Or pined 'neath the hand of sickness,  
Or starved in the prison cell?

We know that you died for freedom,  
To save our land from shame,  
To rescue a periled nation,  
And we give you deathless fame.  
'Twas the cause of Truth and Justice  
That you fought and perished for,  
And we say it, oh, so gently,  
"Our boys who died in the war."

Saviors of our Republic,  
Heroes who wore the blue,  
We owe the peace that surrounds us—  
And our Nation's strength to you.

We owe it to you that our banner,  
The fairest flag in the world,  
Is to-day unstained, unsullied,  
On the summer air unfurled.

We look on its stripes and spangles,  
And our hearts are filled the while  
With love for the brave commander,  
And the boys of the rank and file.  
The greatest deeds of valor  
Were never written out,  
The noble acts of virtue  
The world knows nothing about.

And many a private soldier,  
Who walks his humble way,  
With no sounding name or title,  
Unknown to the world to-day,  
In the eyes of God is a hero;  
All such He will reward.  
No deed, however secret,  
Is hidden from the Lord.

Brave men of a mighty army,  
We extend you friendship's hand;  
I speak for the "Loyal Women,"  
Those pillars of our land.

We wish you a hearty welcome,  
We are proud that you gather here  
To talk of old times together  
On this brightest day in the year.

And if peace, whose snow-white pinions  
Brood over our land to-day,  
Should ever again go from us  
(God grant she may ever stay),  
Should our Nation call in her peril  
For "Six hundred thousand more,"  
The loyal women would hear her  
And send you out as before.

We would bring out the treasured knapsack,  
We would take the sword from the wall,  
And, hushing our own heart's pleadings,  
Hear only the country's call.  
For, next to our Lord, is our Nation;  
And we cherish the honored name  
Of the bravest of all brave armies  
Who fought for that Nation's fame.

**THE CAMP FIRE.**

When night hung low and dew fell damp,  
There fell athwart the shadows  
The gleaming watchfires of the camp,  
Like glow-worms on the meadows.  
The sentinel his measured beat  
With measured tread was keeping,  
While like bronze statues at his feet  
Lay tired soldiers, sleeping.

On some worn faces of the men  
There crept a homesick yearning,  
Which made it almost seem again,  
The child-look was returning.  
While on full many a youthful brow,  
Till now to care a stranger,  
The premature grave lines told how  
They had grown old through danger.

One, in his slumber, laughed with joy,  
The laughing echoes mocked him,  
He thought beside his baby boy  
He sat and gaily rocked him.



O pitying angels! Thou wert kind  
To end this brief elysian,  
He found what he no more could find  
Save in a dreamer's vision.

The clear note of a mocking bird—  
That star of sound—came falling  
Down thro' the night; one, wakeful, heard  
And answered to the calling,  
And then upon the ear there broke  
That sweet, pathetic measure,  
That song that wakes—as then it woke,  
Such mingled pain and pleasure.

One voice at first, and then the sound  
Pulsed like a great bell's swinging.  
“Tenting to-night on the old camp ground,”  
The whole roused camp was singing.  
The sense of warfare's discontent  
Gave place to warfare's glory;  
Right merrily the swift hours went  
With song, and jest, and story.

They sang the song of Old John Brown,  
Whose march goes on forever;  
It made them thirsty for renown,  
It fired them with endeavor.

So much of that great heart lives still,  
So much of that great spirit—  
His very name shoots like a thrill  
Through all men when they hear it.

They found in tales of march and fight  
New courage as they listened,  
And while they watched the weird camp-light,  
And while the still stars glistened,  
Like some stern comrade's voice, there broke  
And swept from hill to valley  
'Til all the sleeping echoes woke,—  
The bugle's call to rally!

“To arms! to arms! the foe is near!”  
Ah, brave hearts were ye equal  
To hearing through without one fear  
The whole tale's bloody sequel?  
The laurel wreath, the victor's cry,  
These are not all of glory;  
The gaping wound, the glazing eye,  
They, too, are in the story.

And when again their tents were spread,  
And by campfires they slumbered,  
The missing faces of the dead  
The living ones outnumbered.

And yet, their memories animate  
The hearts that still survive them,  
And holy seems the task, and great,  
For one hour to revive them.

**INDEPENDENCE ODE.**

Columbia, fair queen in your glory!  
Columbia, the pride of the earth!  
We crown you with song-wreath and story;  
We honor the day of your birth!

The wrath of a king and his minions  
You braved, to be free, on that day;  
And the eagle sailed up on strong pinions,  
And frightened the lion at bay.

Since the chains and the shackles are broken,  
And citizens now replace slaves,  
Since the hearts of your heroes have spoken  
How dear they held freedom—by graves.

Your beautiful banner is blotless  
As it floats to the breezes unfurled,  
And but for one blemish, all spotless  
Is the record you show to the world.

Like a scar on the features of beauty,  
Lies Utah, sin-cursed, in the west.  
Columbia! Columbia! your duty  
Is to wipe out that stain with the rest!

Not only in freedom, and science,  
And letters, should you lead the earth;  
But let the earth learn your reliance  
In honor and true moral worth.

When Liberty's torch shall be lighted,  
Let her brightest most far-reaching rays  
Discover no wrong that's unrighted—  
Go challenge the jealous world's gaze!

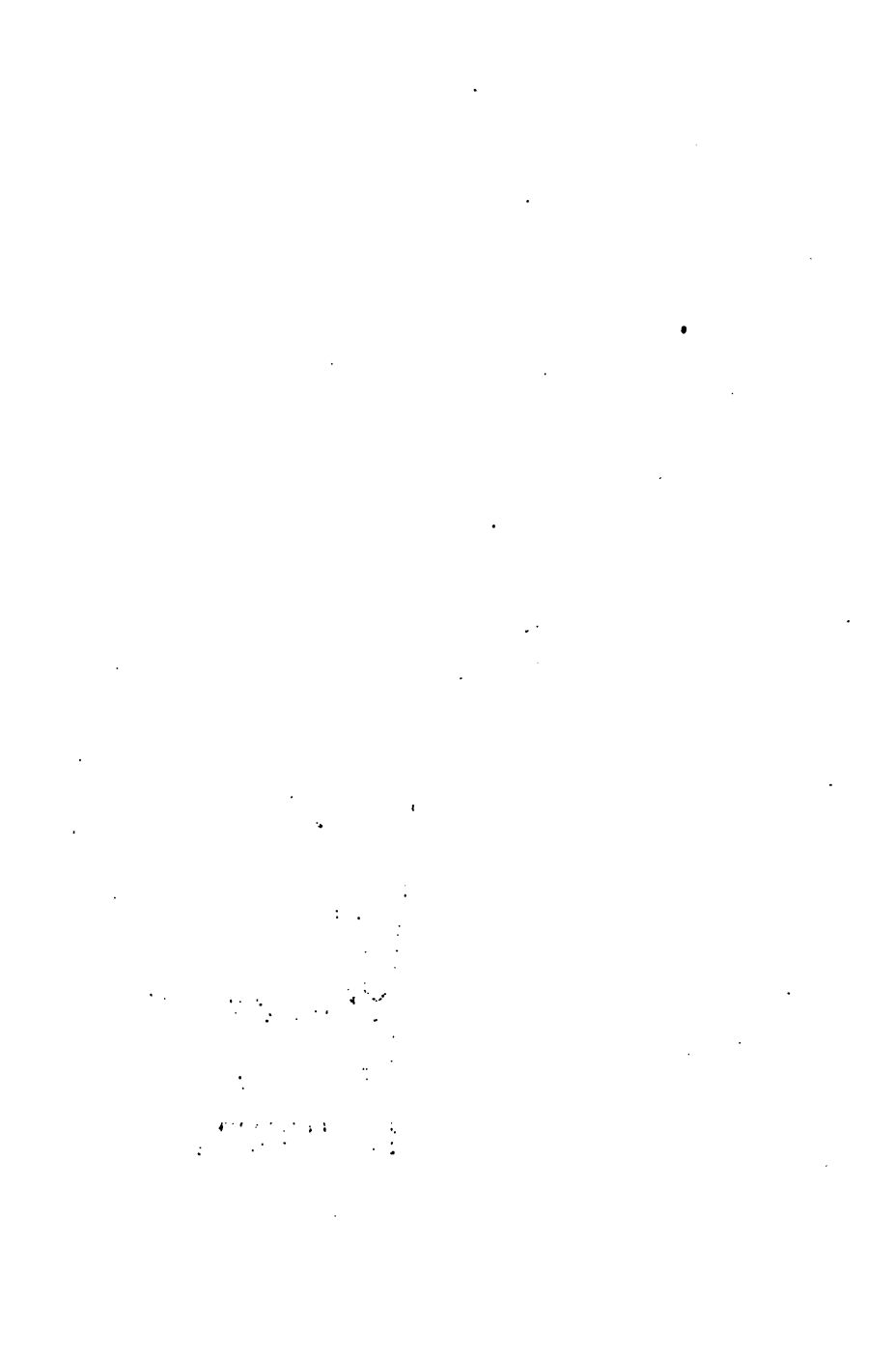
Columbia, your star is ascending!  
Columbia, all lands own your sway!  
May your reign be as proud and unending  
As your glory is brilliant to-day.













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